Keep you safe

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Keep you safe

by Raine_star

Summary

When a serial killer figures out the Chesapeake Ripper's identity he is desperate to get his attention. When he realises that he is in love with Will Graham he formulates a plan.

(Set somewhere in the middle of season 1)

First max then the rest

Harvey Norgenbloom watched the Chesapeake Ripper as he waited outside a crime scene. As soon as Harvey figured out, 3 weeks ago, that Dr Lecter was the famous killer he became obsessed. It had been luck though Harvey would call it destiny, Harvey had been going to dump part of a body deep in the woods, when he saw someone drive past in a car.

The next day he had seen the Chesapeake Ripper had taken another victim, a photo had shown of their house with the car that Harvey had seen the mystery man drive the night before. It hadn't taken much digging to find a name to match the face he had seen, and now he was determined to get his attention.

Harvey hunched over in his car as FBI agents walked outside, most carrying bags of evidence. He let out an annoyed sigh trying not to get caught by the police staking out a crime scene while also still trying to be able to see Dr Lecter.

Then Will Graham came out and Harvey gripped the steering wheel tightly to stop himself from screaming in frustration. In the weeks he had stalked Dr Lecter he had quickly learned that one of his fascinations was Will and it was uncommon to see them apart. Harvey drove away before they got into a car and went to Dr Lecter's house, he knew their patterns well enough to know where they would be going.

Harvey wished he could've seen inside the house as he saw both their shadows from across the street. Will spent less than an hour with Dr Lecter, Harvey guessed discussing the latest crime scene, then said a quick goodbye before leaving. Dr Lecter waited outside the house for a few minutes after Will drove off standing in the doorway watching where Will had just left. That's when Harvey realised that it wasn't just a fascination with Will's brain that kept Dr Lecter close to him, it was a fascination (and love) for Will himself.

Harvey drove off satisfied, now he had a plan to get the Chesapeake Ripper's attention.

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Will awoke from another bad dream, yet after a few seconds he couldn't remember what it had been about. He rubbed his eyes and squinted to see the clock. 5:26 am. He could go back to sleep but he knew there was no point.

The dogs stirred as Will got up, first Max then the rest, Winston, Daisy, Lucy, Buddy and Cooper. They trailed around him as he opened the door to let them out. The phone rang behind him and he slowly picked it up, Jack called down the line. "I need you to come to a crime scene as fast as you can, I think it could be the Chesapeake Ripper,"

"You don't know whether it's him or not, and need me to confirm?" Will asked, trying to hold in a yawn.

"This one seems a little odd Will," he sounded slightly worried "I need you to make sure that nothing has changed with the Chesapeake Ripper, or we could all be in a lot more danger,"

“Right,” Will muttered, picking up his glasses “on my way,”

“And call Dr Lectar, tell him to come as well,” Jack added before hanging up, Will sighed before getting ready, making sure all his dogs were inside and hurrying to the crime scene.

Will drove up to a small house, it had dirty windows, a small front porch that was half collapsed and was surrounded by a small woods. Police cars swarmed around the house and Jack stood out front talking to forensics. Hannibal was standing by his car. He immediately noticed Will getting out and strode up to him.

“How are you feeling today Will?” Hannibal asked as they both walked across the overgrown footpath.

“Didn’t sleep well,”

“I doubt Jack is letting you get much sleep with the Chesapeake Ripper still at large,” Hannibal said. Jack spotted them both and quickly came over before Will could reply.

“We just got an ID, his name was Max Hunt,” Jack stated as they all went towards the crime scene “he was killed less than 2 hours ago and was found when his neighbour came to return his dog that ran into their garden.”

They all went silent as they walked into the crime scene. It was a small kitchen that was now drenched in blood. The body was lying on the table, it had been skewered by any objects that had been laying around, a knife, a corkscrew, a fishing rod. The organs had been removed, but not with any precision leaving most of the chest cut open.

“So Will, is the Chesapeake Ripper losing his touch? Is he falling off the edge?” Jack asked as everybody cleared out of the room leaving Will alone with the corpse.

Will glanced at the intestines messily flung across the room. He took slow and steady breaths before closing his eyes. He let the pendulum swing as the objects went back into place and the body slid off the table.

Max slowly stumbled around the kitchen, clutching a bottle of alcohol his dog ran out through the open door. In seconds he was shoved onto the table and stabbed multiple times, he screamed but no one heard. Then with a scalpel the chest was opened and the organs ripped out rather than cut. Will could feel the killer's excitement, not at the killing but at what was to come he felt the killer's easy dismissal of Max, he was only something leading up to a grand finale. “This is my design”

Will walked into the hallway, Jack raised an eyebrow wondering what he had found. “It’s not the Chesapeake Ripper,” everyone let their shoulders relax a bit.

“So their a copycat,” Jack said

“They're trying to get the Chesapeake Ripper’s attention,” Will stated as forensics reentered the crime scene and Hannibal glanced through the door, inspecting the body.

“Make sure this doesn’t make the media,” Jack said to one of the agents, “we don’t want the Chesapeake Ripper getting in kahoots with this new killer,”

“this isn’t the first time they have killed” Will said “they are efficient and smart, there was no hesitation,”

“They were certainly smart enough not to leave any fingerprints,” one of the forensic team said as they carefully looked at the fishing rod.

“They knew they had to be quick when the dog ran away,” Will said “and if they know that we figured what they are doing, they might have another way to contact the Ripper”

“Could they know the Ripper’s real identity” Jack suggested

“I definitely wouldn’t rule out the possibility,” Will said taking a step closer to the corpse “the killer is wanting to grab the Ripper’s attention, making sure they are watching when it comes to the fanale”

Jack gave Will a long look as he stared at the corpse “so, is it another golden ticket situation?” Jack asked “will this finale come after they kill 20 more men like max”

“No,” Will replied, taking his eyes off the corpse “max isn’t important to the killer, he is a means to get to the Chesapeake Ripper and the finale,”

“So this finale is a person?” Jack asked “but he is nothing like Max? It could be anybody,”

“This is them showing of what they can do to the Chesapeake Ripper,” Will said as he gestured around the room “it’s a wave hello that doubles as an invitation to watch the rest,”

“This guy is probably our best bet in finding the Chesapeake Ripper,” Jack announced to everyone “we need him alive,”

Will sighed as he and Hannibal walked towards their cars. He glanced back at the old house and saw them moving the body.

“What does the killer think will come after the finale?” Hannibal asked Will as he opened the door to his car

“I expect they want to join them” Will said “this killer has created a whole plan to show them just how great they are,”

“And do you think the Chesapeake Ripper will let them join?”

“I’m pretty sure that depends on what the finale is,”

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Will spent the rest of the day inspecting the body in the FBI headquarters. The body they had found made him anxious, even he couldn’t find out what the killer was planning on doing. He welcomed his dogs and stumbled into bed. Plagued by nightmares.

Two more bodies were found the next morning, Wimston Dunn and Daisy Faust, both worked at the same library and had gone missing the night before. Windston had been sawed in half and his intestines removed while Daisy's lungs had been taken out while she was still alive. They had been left in an abandoned warehouse and had only been found because of a routine security sweep that only happens every few months.

Will noted the killer's planning abilities and tried to hold in his frustration when he couldn't find much else pointing him to the killer or the finale. He was slightly glad to confirm that it wasn't the Chesapeake Ripper, looking at how the organs hadn't been removed without any precision and had been left at the crime scene. They kept the murders away from the media but they all knew that the killer wouldn't continue if he didn't know that the Chesapeake Ripper was watching.

It was two more days before the body of Lucy Stickell was found. Her eyes cut out neatly and part of her brain was laying on her bedroom floor for her roommate to find. Will found Jack's pressure on him growing as he still couldn't find out what the killer wanted. He found himself going to bed wondering when the killer would take their next victim.

Buddy Brandt and Cooper Phelps were killed less than an hour apart on different sides of the same city. Buddy had been stabbed through her eye and their chest ripped completely open while most of their organs were flung across the room leaving a messy trail. Cooper was killed in his basement; he had been stabbed in the chest and his head open leaving his brain spread along the walls.

Will found himself sitting across from Hannibal in his office, he struggled to keep his breaths steady as he thought back to the crime scenes they had seen. "You're stressed because you can't find anything about this killer," Hannibal said softly "is it the first time you haven't been able to understand something about someone using your empathy?"

"I just take the evidence and create a conclusion from that" Will said as he leaned back in his chair "there is always something I can't see about a killer, they don't leave everything at the crime scene," Will paused for a second and looked up at Hannibal who was listening intensely "our killer doesn't care about their victims at all, it causes them to leave out any evidence that could lead us to a reason"

"Why do it then?" Hannibal asked "why did they not just go straight to the finale after Max? Why go through all the trouble if they mean nothing"

"They mean something to the Chesapeake Ripper, not personally they have probably never met them," Will said "but they will have some connection to some trivial piece of his life"

"Could they not also have a connection to the finale,"

"Maybe," Will said as he let out a small sigh "or it could be connected to both of them. This killer is so focused on the ending that he is barely thinking about these victims.

"And that leaves you with nothing" Hannibal said "so it it still the killer's feelings that give you the evidence"

“No one can hide their feeling” Will stated “that’s why crimes of passion are so easy to identify, they leave the evidence everywhere, because they can’t help it”

“How is Jack treating you about these murders?” Hannibal asked, deciding to switch up the subject feeling sure that he would just have to wait for the finale to see what the killer wanted the Chesapeake Ripper to see.

Will sighed and turned away from Hannibal “he seems sure that I’m missing something or that somethings wrong.” He sat forward on his seat shifting uncomfortably before sarcastically adding “you wouldn’t think he was a FBI agent himself”

Hannibal smiled at Will “he’s an FBI profiler, you’d think he would he would know that if serial killers were easy to understand and catch then they would all be locked up before they got away with anything” Hannibal said as Will let out a small laugh “and he’d be out of a Job”

Will sat up straighter in his seat about to make another comment when the phone rang on Hannibal’s desk. They both stopped laughing and Will's smile quickly dropped as he guessed who it was from. Hannibal strode over and picked it up, after a moment he handed it towards Will. “It’s for you,” he said.

Jack called down the line his voice obviously pinched with worry “it’s the killer” having being kept away from the media the killer never adopted a name “this time it’s bad, they got an FBI agent”

Will went to the crime scene as fast as he could, he tried to prepare himself for what he would see. An FBI agent who worked for another department was slaughtered in their home, a large knife slit their through and their and one of their kidneys removed.They didn’t even have enough time to get their gun. Will felt uneasy watching the agent lay on their kitchen floor. He could imagine the killer coming in feeling confident because the victim was so sure they were safe sitting in their own home.

Will stumbled into his house and slammed his door shut, he felt shaken by the crime scene. He leaned against the door and debated whether he should call Hannibal and ask to stay with him but decided against it remembering all the nightmares he had told Hannibal about. He carefully took off his shoes. As the sunset let light glare through the windows Will realised his dogs weren’t running up to him, his hand graced his gun but left it in its holster as he slowly crept through his house. He begged that he had just left the back door open. Will peeked into the living room.

They were all dead.

Each dog had been killed corresponding to the victim that shared their name, except that the organs were so messily removed that most of them weren’t easily identifiable as the same. The only victim missing was the FBI agent. Will felt tears running down his face, he choked on his own breath and gripped the doorway as his legs nearly gave way.

He realised how he fit into the killer's plan.

Fear pulsed through Will as he heard the floorboard creak behind him. He didn't even have time to reach his gun or turn around as Harvey hit him on the head with a rock, knocking him out. A small trickle of blood oozed down his face. Harvey immediately tied up Will not knowing how long he would be unconscious for and not wanting him to cause trouble before he had everything set up. He shoved Will into the back of his car that he had parked round the back.

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The next morning Jack sent Hannibal over when Will wasn't picking up his phone, less than an hour later forensics were scouting the crime scene looking for envy evidence.

"So Will was the finale?" Jack said more to himself than anyone else as he and Hannibal stood in Will's back yard. He gripped a bag of evidence that held Will's glasses, they were splattered with tiny droplets of blood. "This probably means he knows the Chesapeake ripper" he stared at the house as the FBI mingled inside he could barely bring himself to look at the crime scene.

"Freddy Lounds wrote and article about Will" Hannibal said "and he worked the Chesapeake Ripper case, it wouldn't be hard for the Chesapeake Ripper to find out about him"

"The Chesapeake Ripper and this killer both knowing him from the article" Jack said bleakly "seems unlikely" they stood for a few moments in silence as people took the dead dogs away.

"Do you think Will is still alive" Hannibal asked, he held his breath waiting for Jack to answer.

"I think that all depends on the Chesapeake Ripper"

Getting a little gift

Will awoke in an abandoned warehouse, the same one that Daisy and Wimston had been killed in, the police had only left the scene recently leaving police tape to float around the door. Sunlight came down from the collapsed roof leaving him engulfed in a spotlight. A foldable table was in front of him, a large box lay on it and a plate had been laid out. A small barbecue was set up and ready to use. He was entirely alone.

Will was tied tightly to a chair, his ankles and wrists couldn't move an inch and two ropes ran along his chest keeping him in place. A gag was tightly wound around his face twisting his face into a pain full smile. Will tried to move and test his restraints and found the ropes burning his skin.

Then Harvey returned, he smiled when he saw Will awake and struggling. He had dark brown hair that went down to his shoulders and wore a simple shirt that had his favourite rugby team on it. "Will Graham" his voice echoed through the empty building "I'm sure our special guest will be here soon, I was afraid you wouldn't be awake in time for us to get ready" Will tried to shy away as Harvey came closer but could only move his head slightly to the side.

Harvey moved to the table and got out some surgical gloves that he had gone to get a second before and opened the box. He slowly removed a scalpel making sure Will was able to see it as he placed them on the table. Then he took out a syringe, its contents already prepared, and some stitches that were ready to use.

Harvey picked up the syringe first, he gripped Will's chin to keep his still as he injected it into his neck. Will shut his eyes tightly as he felt the needle pinch his skin and the serum going into his system.

Harvey smiled as he took a step away from Will "this is just to help you stay calm" Will's head rolled to the side as he felt his muscles weaken, he strained to watch Harvey as he picked up the scalpel next. "I'm just getting a little welcome gift for our friend, the Chesapeake Ripper"

Harvey crouched down next to Will and ripped his shirt exposing his chest, the two ropes kept him steady. Harvey took out a picture he had gotten off the internet to make sure he was cutting in the right place before he created a small slit. Will let out a small muffled scream and tried to wriggle away from Harvey only for the ropes to stop him.

Harvey slowly put the scalpel deeper into Will's body and cut free an organ, he retraced the steps he had seen in the YouTube videos he had watched to prepare for this. Finally he felt the organ come free and took out a kidney, he smiled at his triumph and showed it to Will, who was taking heavy breaths and gripping the seat tightly. His hair matted to the top of his head drenched in sweat.

Harvey made his way over to the table, blood stained his gloves and sleeves while also being smeared along Will's chest. Harvey placed the kidney on the table and picked up the stitches

and closed up the wound. Will leaned back in his chair as he struggled to stay conscious. His head rolled back a bit allowing him to see the open roof above him.

Harvey turned in the barbecue and placed the kidney in to cook, the wet blood dripped off it and sizzled. Will watched as Harvey hummed happily to himself then flipped the kidney to the other side, waited a few more minutes, then placed it onto the plate. He was so focused on the cooking he didn't notice someone else enter the warehouse behind Will till the door slammed closed behind them.

"I was wondering if you were even going to come and see the finale" Harvey said as they slowly got closer, but stayed silent. Will tried to turn and see who it was knowing it would be the Chesapeake Ripper but found he couldn't turn enough. "C'mon I set this all up for us" he gestured around the room and then pointed out the cooked kidney. He paused for a second and looked at the Chesapeake Ripper confused before he said "you're really worried about him knowing your identity"

Harvey leaned into the table annoyed, "I went through a lot of trouble to get this done for you" Will felt his fear rise as he heard the Chesapeake Ripper stand right behind him, and felt his breaths become unsteady as his eyes rolled to the back of his head.

Now that Will was having a seizure Hannibal walked into the middle of the room wearing a simple suit while gloves covered his hands. Without glancing at Harvey he carefully removed Will's gag to help him breath and looked at the bad stitching that Harvey had done.

"What's wrong with him?" Harvey asked, trying to get Hannibal's attention away from Will.

"He's having a seizure" Hannibal stated not taking his eyes off Will "an induced seizure"

Harvey glanced at the syringe and picked up the small scalpel. He guessed that Hannibal had altered its contents when he hadn't been looking. "I made you something" Harvey picked up the plate to show Hannibal who only looked at it for a second "actually there are a lot of gifts out there I made for you," irritation clouded his voice.

Hannibal turned to Harvey and let out a loud sighed "I'll admit you have talent, maybe not in the culinary arts" he looked at the kidney that was gruesomely spread along the plate "but I'm not looking for a partner" Hannibal gripped a large knife he had in his pocket, he wished that Harvey would make a move just so he could kill him there but he knew he would get his chance even if he didn't.

"And what about him" Harvey gestured to Will "he's an FBI agent, you think he will forgive you?"

"He'll never find anything he would need to forgive me for" Hannibal said "and he needs an ambulance"

"Your the one that gave him that seizure," Harvey yelled "you messed with my stuff"

"You just need to call 911 and they will send someone over, you don't need to say anything" Hannibal said calmly, as Harvey stood completely still glaring at him "alright I'll do it" he

pulled out a small burner phone and dialled 911.

Harvey screamed “Wait” a second before the operator’s voice came through and Hannibal chucked the phone into the middle of the room. “Hello, this is 911. What is your emergency?”

Harvey froze in panic and Hannibal gestured with his head for the door and Harvey ran out quickly. “Hello is anyone there” the operator said as Hannibal walked over to the table and looked at the overcooked kidney before he slid the plate off the table letting it smash on the floor. Then he carefully took out Will’s ID badge he had and placed it in his pocket so they could easily find out who he was.

“I’ve traced your call and I’m going to send someone over,” the operator said and Hannibal smiled, then put his hand on Will’s shoulder before leaving.

How could I ever refuse you

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Abigail Hobbs was sitting in her room, reading a book. She fiddled with the edge of the pages mindlessly as the moon shone into her window. Dr Bloom knocked on her door. “May I come in?” She asked, she struggled to keep her composure in front of Abigail. Dr Bloom’s day had been spent worrying about Will. Abigail nodded, surprised at the late visit, then placed down her book being careful to keep her page.

“I have some bad news,” Dr Bloom said. Abigail felt fear run through her and mindlessly reached her hand to her neck where her scar lay. She knew the look that Dr Bloom had, it was the same one she had worn to tell her that her mother was dead. She pushed a hair out of her face and nodded again.

“Will is hurt, he is in the hospital at the moment” Dr Bloom said, she couldn’t make eye contact with Abigail.

Her eyes went wide. “What happened?” She asked.

Dr Bloom took a deep breath before continuing “there was a killer and he got to Will”

“He tried to kill Will?”

“I don’t know,” Dr Bloom admitted “they haven’t said much about the case but from what I can tell it’s complicated. All I know is that Will had been missing since this morning and then an ambulance picked him up a few hours ago.”

Abigail felt her voice catch in her throat for a second before she got up and started heading for the door “where are you going?” Dr Bloom called to her.

“I’m going to go see him,” she said.

“You can’t go now,” Dr Bloom said as Abigail turned to her and gave her an annoyed look “it’s the middle of the night and Will just got into the hospital, it would be better if you saw him in the morning” Abigail took a moment before slowly nodding and sitting back down on her bed. Dr Bloom squeezed her hand and gave her a weary smile then slowly started walking to the door.

“How bad is it?” Abigail asked quietly.

“He might not wake up for a while, but he’ll make it”

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Hannibal drove up to the hospital, he wonkily parked his car then quickly strode up to the door. As he entered Jack was waiting by the reception. “Where’s Will?” He asked, already

making his way down the corridor.

“He’s in one of those rooms and he’s stable” Jack said before blocking Hannibal’s path “I need to speak to you first” Hannibal stopped and Jack gestured for him to sit. They both took a seat in the silent reception area.

“This case has told us a lot about the Chesapeake Ripper,” Jack said “I want to know how he’ll take the news before I tell him.”

“Will was the finale?” Hannibal asked.

“Yes” Jack said bleakly “we can presume it didn’t go the way the killer thought it would and the Chesapeake Ripper called the police who found Will”

“He denied the killer his ending”

“He saved Will” Jack stated “from the evidence we have the Chesapeake Ripper completely rejected the killer in favour of keeping Will safe. It implies… that he might have feelings for him”

“No one can hide their feelings, especially at a crime scene”

“Hmm” Jack agreed “where did you hear that?”

“Will said it”

Jack gave a small nod then asked “so how will he take the news”

“That the Chesapeake Ripper is in love with him?” Hannibal paused for a second and thought about it “I doubt he will take it well and I doubt he will feel safe”

“We’re the FBI we can make sure he is safe” Jack said “you can see him now, third room on the left” Hannibal would have been able to guess what room was Will’s by the two agents outside the door. They glanced at Jack who nodded, then they let him in.

Will was lying peacefully on the bed, his hair messily flung across his face and his eyes shut tightly. Hannibal sat down next to him and gripped one of Will’s hands in his own. Then ran his fingers down his wrist to check his pulse. He found himself relaxing as he felt the rhythm coming from Will’s skin.

Abigail and Dr Bloom went to see Will just as the sun was coming up. Hannibal was still there patiently watching him. They sat down across from him. “What happened to him?” Abigail asked. She couldn’t see any injuries apart from some red marks by the edge of his lips.

Dr Bloom and Hannibal both glanced at each other for a second before Dr Bloom said “I’m not exactly sure we can tell you”

“I’m not going to go to the press or anything” Abigail protested “he just… doesn’t look hurt”

“It’s not about the press, it's just…” Dr Boom said “it wasn’t exactly nice, what happened to him”

“She also has a right to know,” Hanibal said.

With a small sigh, Dr Bloom explained “he was kidnapped by a killer who removed one of his kidneys and injected something that gave him a seizure”

“And then the Chesapeake Ripper saved him” Hannibal stated.

“Wait, a serial killer saved Will?” Abigail asked.

“It’s complicated… “ Dr Bloom said “they’re still looking at all the evidence”

“Why would a serial killer save an FBI agent?” Abigail asked.

“Because he wanted him alive,” Hannibal said, this caused Dr Bloom to glare at him.

“We don’t know” she corrected “the investigation is still ongoing”

“Does this mean Will knows who the Chesapeake Ripper is?” Abigail asked.

“The Chesapeake Ripper saving him will probably be what gets him caught” Hannibal said, thinking back to the hours he spent planning making sure he wouldn’t leave a sliver of evidence behind. They sat in silence for a few minutes. Dr Bloom held Will’s hand and glanced at Hannibal who had his other hand placed on his lap. She watched as he gently rubbed it and stared at Will’s heart beat on the monitors.

Hannibal glanced at his watch, he sighed and got up heading for the door. Then Jack came in, he quickly glanced around the room before he said “the Chesapeake Ripper has taken another victim, we are assuming it is our kidnapper” Jack had already expected to find the body, it confirmed his suspicions on the Chesapeake Ripper’s feeling. He noticed Hannibal standing by the door and asked “are you leaving?”

“Sadly, I can’t stay with Will,” Hannibal glanced back at Will as he lay quietly taking slow breaths “I have other patients” Jack nodded and he slipped out.

Abigail and Dr Bloom left a few hours later, then Jack stayed with him till he awoke just as the sun began to set. After Jack explained what had happened and the doctors took a look at him, Jack showed Will the pictures of the Chesapeake Ripper’s latest victim.

“His name was Harvey Norganbloom”

“Yeah,” Will said quietly “he’s the one that kidnapped me” he handed the picture back to Jack “I didn’t see the Chesapeake ripper, or hear them. They stood behind me and then I passed out.”

“That would be the seizure,” Jack said “there’s a lot we need to look at in this case. Your seizure was induced by an injection that also contained some sedative, I still can’t think about why Harvey would want you to have a seizure.”

“It might have been the Chesapeake Ripper” Will said “I was alone for a few minutes, Harvey wasn’t there, the Chesapeake Ripper could have messed with the sedative when he wasn’t looking.”

Jack nodded as a doctor came in “you can leave now” she said to Will “you just need to take it easy for a while” Dr Bloom had brought him a new set of clothes since his old ones were either torn or covered in blood. He went through to the reception area and saw Jack standing with Hannibal.

“Sorry your glasses are still on evidence,” Jack said.

“It’s good to see you Will,” Hannibal said, Will gave him a small weary smile in response.

“I just need you to see a few more pictures and answer some questions,” Jack said as they sat down, “but if you're not up to it?”

“No,” Will said, “show them to me.” Jack handed Will a photo out of his briefcase, it had a kidney laying on a broken plate and an evidence sign showing the number 98.

“This was your kidney, did Harvey make any indication he wanted to eat it?” Jack asked.

“No he said… he said it was a gift for the Chesapeake Ripper” Will said, “the Chesapeake Ripper is probably eating his victims”

“And destroying the plate was symbolic?” Jack asked.

“The Chesapeake Ripper didn’t want to join him,” Will stated.

“Because of what he did to you,” Jack said, Will looked up at him.“the Chesapeake Ripper hated his ‘gift’ and killed Harvey less than a day later. The Chesapeake Ripper is in love with you,”

“The Chesapeake Ripper can’t be in love with me,” Will said as he shoved the photo back into Jack’s hand.

“Do you really believe yourself so unlovable?” Hannibal asked.

“I wasn’t even on the original investigation into the Chesapeake Ripper,” Will stated,

“I don’t think the Chesapeake Ripper is in love with watching you try to catch her, I think she is in love with just watching you normally,” Jack said “you probably know her. I will need a list of anyone you can think of who has shown any romantic interest in you”

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Jack dropped Will off at his house, the sun had dipped below the horizon. He paused outside the doorway, then quickly grabbed his gun before entering. He held it high as he pushed the door open. His eyes watered at the strong smell of bleach that had been used to clean up all the blood, they had missed a spot that had splattered the door frame.

Will crept through the house, the only noise being his own slow breaths. He went from room to room, checking, making sure he was alone. After going around the house multiple times he finally lowered his gun and laid it on the counter in the kitchen. Then he heard a loud bang from the other room.

Will grabbed his gun again. His hands shook as he crept out into the hallway. Then he saw the front door open, where he had left it, banging in the wind. He let out a weary sigh as tears ran down his face. He slumped against the wall then slid to the floor, trying to steady his breath. Then he got up, walked outside and locked the door. He got in his car and drove to Hannibal's house.

"Will," Hannibal said with a smile as he opened the door "it's good to see you"

"I know it's late, I just thought we could talk," Will said "unless your busy"

"My house may not be open to regular patients," Hannibal said as he stepped aside allowing Will in "but it is always open to you," Will found himself immediately relax hearing Hannibal's footsteps behind him as they walked to the living room. "How are you feeling Will?"

"Tired," Will replied as he sat down in a chair "I can't shake the feeling that something is just… wrong"

"It's a normal feeling to have after a traumatic event. Would you like some wine?" Hannibal said, Will hadn't noticed the bottle and wine glasses that were in Hannibal's hand. Will found himself grinning as he gave a small nod.

A few hours later, the bottle was almost empty and Will and Hannibal sat next to each other on a sofa. Will had taken off his shoes and had his legs up on the sofa. He was leaning against Hannibal and he was deliberately acted more drunk than he actually was.

"I really want to know what he sees in me," Will said "I mean he went through a lot of trouble, there must be something,"

Hannibal paused from the sip he was about to take. "Maybe it's your curls, or the way you wear your glasses, or the way you can't stand being home without your dogs." Will held out his empty glass for Hannibal to fill up but instead Hannibal took it out of his hand and turned to look at him. "You don't have to pretend to be drunk to stay with me Will,"

Will slouched down into the sofa "I'm not always the best person to welcome into your home,"

Hannibal stood up and stood in front of Will "how could I ever refuse you," Hannibal held out his hand, and Will took it.

Later in the night Hannibal cracked the door open an inch and watched Will as he slept. He was curled up tightly in a ball, the slight brightness of street lamps came through the gaps in the curtains leaving trails along Will's face. Hannibal wasn't planning on watching Will the

whole night, just long enough to check he was safe but he was interrupted when the phone rang. He closed the door quietly and went into his kitchen.

He picked up the phone and Dr Bloom spoke “have you seen Will,” her voice filled with panic “I came to his house to check on him and he’s not here,”

“Don’t worry he is with me,” Hannibal said calmly.

“He-?” Dr Bloom paused for a second before she sighed “of course he is,”

“You have nothing to worry about,” Hannibal said as he leaned against the counter.

“I know you’ll take good care of him,” she said “and I know the reason you have to,”

“What do you mean?” Hannibal asked, he couldn’t help but glance at the knives he had on the side.

“Your… your in love with Will? Aren't you?” She stuttered, Hannibal smiled at the obviousness that she hadn’t been told all the details about the case “I just saw you in the hospital and… thought,”

“It’s okay,” Hannibal said “Goodnight Alana,” he placed down the phone and glanced down the corridor to Will’s room. A smile crossed his face as he switched off the light and engulfed himself in darkness.

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“How is Will doing?” Dr Bloom asked a few days later. Hannibal hadn’t found it hard to convince Jack to let Will stay with him. They both found themselves relaxing as they got to know each other’s company even more. Hannibal made sure to keep his distance not go too far, fearing he would raise the same suspicions Dr Bloom had brought up.

“He’s well,” Hannibal stated, they were pacing around a small park, the trees covering their faces from the bright sun “he seems to be comfortable,”

“After traumatic events people can bury their emotions,” Dr Bloom said anxiously “I don’t want him to get hurt all over again because he didn’t confront his feelings,”

“Maybe he is stronger than you think,”

Dr Bloom watched Hannibal for a second then said “Hannibal when I asked how you felt for Will I didn’t mean to imply you were… a killer.

“It’s okay,” Hannibal said “if we are going of that basis you are even more likely to be the killer than I am,”

Dr Bloom blushed remembering the kiss she shared with Will and almost wondered whether Hannibal had shared anything like that with Will “I’ve already been interviewed,” Hannibal gave her a reassuring smile. “Hannibal,” her voice suddenly became serious “Jack is planning

to take drastic action to find the Chesapeake Ripper, I don't want him to hurt Will in the process,"

"I promise you," Hannibal said "I won't let anyone hurt Will," he meant every word.

Dr Bloom nodded then said "take care of Will, and don't hurt him,"

"Because you will come after me?" Hannibal asked.

"Because we both know he doesn't deserve it."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading I hope you enjoyed it.

I might write another fic set after this one but at the moment I don't have any ideas how it would go.

There is an alternate version of this fic where Will goes to Hannibal's house after the FBI agent is killed so Harvey follows him there and attacks them both. Then Hannibal kills Harvey and Will is suspicious how well Hannibal handles himself but won't say anything because he is turned on by it.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!